

THE TECH

APRIL 10 1902

Wilde's ma-
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See her face
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See it really
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to Junior
Week. —

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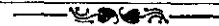


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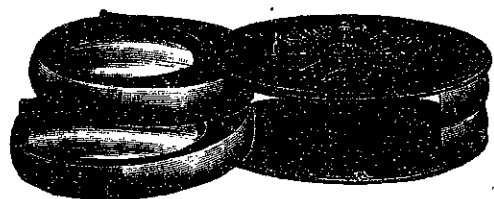
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For the benefit of students THE TECH will be pleased to answer all questions and obtain all possible information pertaining to any department of the College.

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R. TRUMAN H. BARTLETT'S idea of an informal smoke-talk, or, at least, the idea which he put into practice at the last Architectural Society talk, was, apart from its novelty, quite commendable. In another part of the

paper, note is made of the questions which, in an informal way, Mr. Bartlett asked the members of the society, and while some might deny at first sight that it is practically impossible for one to state *the* favorite work of any art whatsoever, yet the questions

formed a ground sufficiently broad to work upon, and to bring out coherent answers. And, finally it was not that which was said that was of much value; it was the attitude which was brought out, the making of those present appreciate *why* they liked this or that, and the development of something on the æsthetic side that the value of the experiment lay.



IN these pages we have already discussed on numerous occasions the vital necessity of an English training in the work of a technical student. Additions to the present English course have been suggested, and will no doubt be carried out in the near future. However, of immediate import and as a stimulus to the English work, is the announcement of the prizes offered for essay work which appeared in the last issue of THE TECH.

Many, no doubt, have already realized that the subject is by no means as narrow as might seem on first sight, and that a splendid opportunity is offered for good, thoughtful literary work. Some may be inclined to complain that the result of the competition appears to rest largely on the question of who has the best memory, and who happened to be most attentive to the various speakers. This is partly true, but it must be remembered that there is no "happening" in matters like this; it is the men who were by habit attentive and thoughtful and observant, and who therefore

can remember best what was said and done, that deserve to be, and probably will be, the prize-winners. It is rather a forcible reminder of the truth that opportunities may turn out to have an unexpected value, and should always be made the most of. If, for instance, any student was interested enough at the time to take notes during the talks, he may consider himself as having a very great advantage over most of those in the competition.

Every one who has attended the addresses in Huntington Hall has enjoyed them, and in a general way realized their value. There are few things more broadly educative to a student than personal contact, even if not very close, with men who, as Dr. Pritchett says, have done a real work in their country and in the world. We venture to say, however, that any value these addresses may have heretofore had for the students of the Institute, has been more than doubled by this offer of prizes. It means careful thought on the part of students of what they have already heard and seen of the prominent men who have been here, and it will certainly insure careful attention to the speakers that are yet to come. In this way the competition, better than almost anything else could, will help the series of talks to accomplish all the good that Dr. Pritchett in planning them must have wished.

The prizes offered are so generous that we are certain that there will be many who will compete. The subjects for these essays have been happily chosen, and allow of a broad field in which to treat the subject and many opportunities for the writer to use his ingenuity in bringing out his impressions. The time limit, at which the work must be handed in, allows for the working up of the material during the summer vacation. Although there is evidently plenty of time, we would not advise the competitor to let all work on the matter be put off until the vacation. The addresses already given might be

confused with those to come, so that an immediate review of those past should be made. The donator of these prizes is certainly a well-wisher of Technology, and we only hope that his offer will be spontaneously received and the competition entered into heartily with the same spirit in which it is given.

Junior Class Dinner.

Last Friday evening the Junior Class held a dinner at the old Technology Clubhouse, with Professor Clifford as the guest of the evening. Mr. Wood was toastmaster, and introduced the speakers with an inexhaustible stock of amusing stories. After a toast to President Pritchett, the opening speech was made by President Lee, followed by the other speakers, interluded with first-class music at the piano, and the singing of the Tech song. Mr. Baker responded to the toast "Athletics" with a plea for more interest in the track work which Coach Mahan is conducting. Mr. Morse replied to the toast of *Technique*, and gave a most interesting and well-applauded account of the work of the *Technique* Board. Mr. Harris spoke on the "Prom" and Mr. Underwood on "The Tech Show." Mr. Robertson's subject was "Work," a theme which he treated with remarkable humor and ability. Mr. Crosby's talk on "The Institute in 1925" was one of the brightest and most amusing of the evening, his characterization of the condition of the various courses at that time being especially to the point. Professor Clifford made some most acceptable remarks on the need of more good fellowship at Tech. The plate was passed for contributions to the Booker T. Washington Fund.

The dinner was in charge of a committee consisting of Howes (chairman), Ni-becker and Swett, and although the tickets were only \$1.25, only thirty-five men were present.

Haste Makes Waste.

He was a Tech Sophomore, walking through the Public Garden on his way to the Institute. The morning was beautiful and fresh and new. The birds were chirping and twittering as birds have done on fine mornings for centuries, and as story-writers have taken pains to let you know for as many centuries. But he was not thinking of the little birds bursting their throats in gladsome song, nor of the tender little shootlets shooting up from the mellow ground to tell that spring had come again. The beauties of the morning did not affect him in detail; they simply soaked into him and made him feel like lifting a ten-ton weight with his little finger. But as the weight was not handy, he simply kicked the gravel all the harder and took steps long enough and strong enough to rout a Greek phalanx. He had a problem before him this fine day. He must answer two notes which he had received this morning, and he must see that they were delivered immediately.

He would answer that note from his old chum by writing him that he would be unable to go to see him to-night. In answer to Miss Blank's note, he would write her that he would be most pleased to call on her this evening to talk over the plans of the Give-a-Lift Society for the Promotion of Prosperity among the Needy Poor. She had cajoled him into promising to take a part in an amateur play which the society was going to produce in order to raise funds to buy lorgnettes for the worthy blind, music-boxes for the worthy deaf, and perhaps Nabisco sugar wafers for the worthy children of the worthy poor. He had taken part the year before in the Tech show as a chorus girl with rope hair and a complexion bought by the box, and so he felt qualified to act in an amateur charity play. The great question now before him was to get those two notes written and delivered before going to school.

As a Tech Sophomore, accustomed by long mental training in mathematics, he could think quickly when he had to; but he thought altogether too quickly when he made his next move. He saw coming towards him on the path a boy wearing half a suspender, two small fox-like eyes, a wizened, freckled face, close-cropped hair and enough dirt to hide everything else.

"Here, kid!" said the Sophomore, motioning to him.

The kid approached slowly. "Wotcher want?" asked he, suspiciously.

"I'll give you a dime if you'll take two notes for me."

"G'wan," said the little diplomat. "D'ye think I'm a wot's this? Gimme a quarter an' I'll go; you'se must tink I have wotk to boin."

"All right, you little Shylock," said the easy Sophomore, "I'll give you a quarter."

Then he sat down on one of the settees to write his two notes. It took him three times as long to write one as it did to write the other. After he had written them, he took two envelopes of different sizes from his pocket and addressed each one.

"Aw, get a gait on. Me time is wot more den de quarter," interrupted the kid, as though he really believed it.

The Sophomore hurriedly clapped a note into each envelope and handed them to the messenger with the quarter. The two then separated, and the Sophomore resumed his walk to the Rogers building much relieved, and patting himself on the back for his celerity in executing an idea once conceived. All of a sudden he stopped short and cursed, and his face grew pale. Great Scott! He had put each note in the wrong envelope. He remembered distinctly now, because he had written them on the wrong sizes of paper to match the envelopes! He had sent Miss Blank the note meant for his chum! This dear old chum he had known for years and could therefore speak informally—very informally—to him. He remembered exactly every word he had written, leaving out date, salutation, and signing after it his name. This was the note that Miss Blank would get through his mistake:

I can't come up to see you to-night, you old lobster. I have too many studies for to-morrow, and you know when there are studies to do, everything else, including you, must go to the devil.

And his old chum would get the following, written in his best primary-school hand, and signed with a signature which he had practised for hours, so that he could run the initials together beautifully:

MY DEAR MISS BLANK:

I shall be very glad to call on you to-night. All my studies for to-morrow are done, except a little poetry reading for Arlo Bates. But I'll read poetry to-night without a book.

He went up the Rogers steps entirely devoid of that fine morning spirit he had been saturated with but a few minutes before. No more did he feel like lifting that ten-ton weight. The starch was taken completely out of him. He felt as bad as if he had spilt a bottle of ink on a finished drawing at which he had spent ten hours. In vain did his teachers try to drum formulas into his head that day. The seed they sowed fell on rocky ground. Of course he could explain to her later, but the risk was great. And to think that for ten mortal hours she would be in possession of that note! He could have selected a dozen girls to whom he would rather have sent such a note, if the mistake had to occur.

Slowly the day wore on, but the Sophomore's anxiety did not wear off. After he had lived through the day's work and worry, he prepared to visit Miss Blank and explain everything to her if he could. He left his room and slowly walked up the street, re-

hearsing his explanation. When he reached her door he felt that it might not even be opened for him. He rang the bell nervously. The handle rattled, the door flew open, and there in the doorway she stood with a merry "Good-evening" on her lips and a pleasant smile in her eyes. He entered, and the formalities of the visit began.

He had forgotten entirely the prepared explanation in the pleasantness of her manner, and he had other things to think about. A lovelorn fool might have thought that her eyes were like pansies, her cheeks like roses, her lips like coral, her teeth like pearls, her low voice like the melodious murmur of the pines on a summer's eve. He, however, liked her better than all the pansies and roses and coral and pearls and pines on earth.

No doubt they put the play of the Society for the Promotion of Prosperity among the Worthy Poor on a firm basis that evening. There may not be a single pauper in Boston for the next ten years. At any rate, when he left her later in the evening, any one could see that his face was fairly beaming with joy at the thought of helping the poor. Of course he was puzzled to find that she had ignored his monstrous note, but was not that a proof of her wonderful generosity and good-heartedness? You see he was only a Tech student, and knew more about gears than about girls.

The door had closed behind him as he tripped down the steps of her house into the darkness of the street. At the lowest step his smooth and tranquil thoughts were rudely disturbed by a piping voice:

"Say, Mister, is dis number tree hundred an' toity-five?"

Suffering horse blankets! Here was the ragged urchin who had undertaken to deliver the Sophomore's notes for a quarter.

"Why do you want to know?" asked the Sophomore.

"'Cause a guy guv me a letter to bring up here, an' I'm bringin' it. See?"

So here was the explanation! The swift-footed Mercury had been true to his troth, though a little tardy.

"Look here, Quicksilver," said the Sophomore, "give me your letters,—it'll be all right."

"Give youse dose letters? Youse must tink I'm easy meat. Naw, naw, faint away. Is dis tree hunderd an' toity-five? Me duty calls."

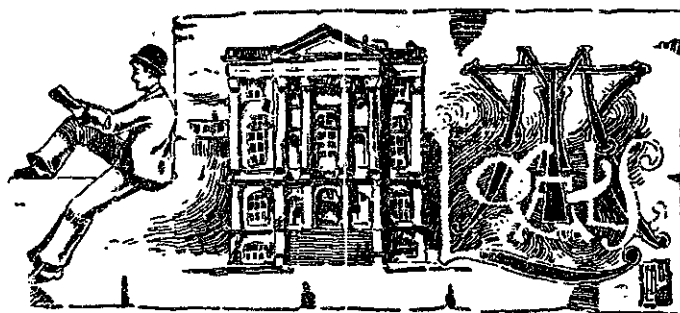
"Say, old Trusty," said the Sophomore, "here is a dime; now give me those letters."

"Gimme a quarter," growled the boy.

The Sophomore was too happy to refuse, and he gave him a quarter in return for two soiled, grimy envelopes. The boy then started to walk away slowly with his hands in his pockets.

"Hold on there, Swifty," yelled the Sophomore after him, "come back an' tell brother what kept you so long."

"Wot t'ell," said the boy.



Mr. McDougal, leader of the Glee Club, has left Tech, and his place has been filled by Mr. Omar Swenson.

The Sophomore base ball team played their first game last Saturday at Melrose. The Melrose High School team was defeated by the score of 12 to 11.

This year's officers of the Southern Club are: President, L. G. Wilson; vice-president, I. F. Taylor; secretary and treasurer, J. B. Rapier.

On April 3 Dr. Pritchett read a paper on "Relations of the American University to Science," before the American Philosophical Society, in Philadelphia.

The Architectural Society held a meeting at the old Technology Club on the night of Thursday, April 3. Professor Bartlett gave a talk on "Artistic Ideals," after which a generally good time and specially good lunch was enjoyed.

The '04 Class Dinner will be held in the Gymnasium next Saturday night at 6.30. Tickets will not be sold at the door, but they may be obtained from the committee: Blum, Homer, Powell, Burnham, Nosbury. Price, \$1.00.

It gives us great pleasure to record that one of our former editors, Mr. Joseph P. Draper, has been appointed one of the editors of the *Harvard Law Review*. Mr. Draper, whose home is in Canton, Mass., is a graduate of Course IX., 1900, and at present is studying at the Harvard Law School.

On Thursday evening of last week the Architectural Society held a smoke-talk at the old Technology Club, with Mr. Truman Bartlett as the speaker of the evening. The talk was of a most informal nature, and consisted largely of the expressions of opinion by the members of the society on four questions which Mr. Bartlett asked. These were: What work do you like best, respectively, in architecture, sculpture, painting, and prose or poetry? The idea was certainly novel, and it furnished an entertainment that was both enjoyable and useful.

Our attention has been called to the following items of interest to Tech: *Army and Navy Journal*, March 22 and April 5. President Roosevelt has sent to the Senate the following nominations: To be majors by brevet: Capt. John Bigelow, Jr., 10th U. S. Cavalry, for gallantry in battle, Santiago, Cuba, July 1, 1898; Capt. John Boardman, Jr., 26th U. S. Volunteers, for conspicuous gallantry in action at Lambunao, Panay, P. I., Aug. 21, 1900. To be captain by brevet: First Lieut. Harry L. Hawthorne, 6th U. S. Artillery, for gallantry in action near Manila, Luzon, Feb. 5, 1899. This is a pretty good showing for our professors of military science.

1904 Dinner.

The Class of 1904 have their annual dinner at the "Gym." on Saturday, April 12, at 6.30 P.M. At present it looks as if this dinner would be as great a success as the previous ones, and every "Soph." should be there to "holler" with his classmates. These dinners are practically the only chance a man has to meet his classmates, and those who miss it are NOT to be congratulated. The tickets are \$1.00, and may be obtained from Messrs. Blum, Homer, Powell, Burnham, Paine and Vosburg.

TECHNIQUE, 1903, will be on sale Thursday, April 24, in Rogers Corridor.

Competitive Drill.

The Freshman battalion has this year undertaken a novel enterprise which bids fair to be successful. Representatives of all the companies have met and decided to hold a competitive drill on May 7. It is to be held directly after ordinary drill on that day, and should not be confused with the exhibition drill on the night of May 2. In the competitive drill there will be two squads: a senior squad, composed of men who have drilled before, and a junior squad, composed of those who have never drilled before. For each squad there will be a gold and a silver medal. Any man who has paid attention to instructions during the year stands a good chance for one of these medals, and their high intrinsic value should make them popular prizes. A small entrance fee for candidates (to be announced later) will be charged, in order to pay expenses. A committee consisting of Private Nabstead, Company B, Sergeant Gregson, Company A, and Sergeant Lombard, Company D, have charge of the entrance list, and candidates for either squad should leave their names with them.

The drill will be upon the manual of arms, facings, loading and firing, according to Manual of 1877.

The Society of Arts.

The 566th regular meeting of the Society will be held at the Institute, Room 22, Walker Building, corner of Boylston and Clarendon streets, on Thursday, April 10, 1902, at 8 P.M.

Prof. C. H. Benjamin, supervising engineer, city of Cleveland, will address the Society on "Smoke and its Abatement in Large Cities." Illustrated by stereopticon.

Members are requested to invite friends interested in the subject.

GEORGE V. WENDELL,

Secretary.

Track Athletics.

The annual spring championship will be held on Saturday, April 26. This should be considered as a most important event, because the team which represents Tech in the Triangular meet will be chosen from the winners in this meet. All the events will be run from scratch, so that no man may have any advantage over another, and each may do his best.

There are just about three weeks now before this meet—time enough for everybody who intends to compete to train down and get into proper shape. Coach Mahan is at the Gymnasium every night ready to help anybody who comes out. If you have ever done anything in athletics, or think you can, make it a point to see him at your earliest opportunity; tell him what you would like to do, and make arrangements to have him help you. The excuse that you haven't time, from the average Tech man, is out of date. The relay team trained right through their semi-annual examinations, won their race, and not one of them had a flunk. They said they felt that they could study better after their work at the Gymnasium.

It has been proposed to fix up the field back of the shops, so that the men in the sprints and the field events might have a place to train near the Gymnasium. If the faculty will co-operate with the Athletic Association, this will be ready by the end of the week.

The usual number of men have been working at the Gymnasium during the past week. Now, with the Spring meet so near, and the Triangular meet following, this number should be doubled. Let every athlete in Tech consider it his duty to help swell the number.

All candidates for the bicycle squad should hand their names to A. J. Eveland, at the "Cage."

Calendar.

Thursday, April 10.— Meeting of the Society of Arts, Room 22, Walker. 8 P.M.

Saturday, April 12.— Sophomore Class Dinner, Gymnasium, 6.30 P.M. Tickets, \$1.00.

Wednesday, April 16.— Freshman Dinner at Gymnasium.



The Second Mrs. Tanqueray is a terrible play,—such as one wants to see once or twice in a lifetime and not again. Its moral, emphasized with appalling force, is that a life of continued vice finally incapacitates the liver for better things. Paula Tanqueray stops in the middle of her dissolute career, marries, and tries to turn over a new leaf, only to discover that she is so "tainted through and through" that, by her own temper and pride and furious jealousy, she is always defeating her own honorable purpose. Her few years of decent life raise her above her old surroundings and companions, and she has no more sympathy for them or interest in them,—except, in angry fits, to annoy her husband by their company. Complete earnestness of purpose, however, is helpless to raise her into any real companionship with the people of her new life, her husband and her step-daughter. So her life burns itself out struggling impotently and without real hope, begging again and again for "another chance," and becoming with every failure more and more certain of the fatal impossibility of it all.

Mrs. Campbell's picture of this dreadful situation is really terrifying. For the part she has great natural gifts: grace, beauty of form, and a lovely face. Her enunciation is somewhat mouthing and declamatory, but the mannerism is passionate and very soon in the play becomes identified with the part, so that we feel Paula must really have spoken so. And pitiful as are countless little simple speeches and appealing gestures in Paula's struggle, her uncontrolled and even spiteful temper, her jealous and almost catlike affection, Mrs. Campbell never for a moment leaves out of sight. Vice as she presents it has not one poor little spot of gilding; Paula herself best knows and best shows us that.

Of the minor parts none are wholly unsatisfactory. Miss Milner as Ellean is rather stiff and unreal; Mr. Arliss as Cayley Drummle is in that capital character almost beyond praise.

★ ★ ★

Mrs. Tanqueray and all the other plays in Mrs. Campbell's generous repertory are a moral challenge. Most of these modern dramas—of which Mr. Pinero is in England the leading author—seem undeniably unpleasant and unwholesome. The dreary or hysterical lives of the idle and vicious rich, though never seductively represented, are not inspiring. None the less is the purpose of such drama serious and true,—fulfilling, perhaps with oppressive power, the purpose

of tragedy,— of “purifying the spirit,” as the Greek worded it, “through emotions of pity and terror.”



Next week, besides Mrs. Fiske and Annie Russell, who give us respectively *Divorcons* and another Clyde Fitch comedy, the Castle Square Stock Company will give us *Hamlet*. Our generation, which is just too late to have known any great Hamlet,—Booth's or Irving's,—can get much satisfaction even from second-rate acting of this persistently interesting play.



MAGDA.

Hermann Sudermann was born in 1857 in a small town of Eastern Prussia; he studied at the universities of Königsberg and Berlin. At first he wrote several novels and dramas, which did not at once meet with popular favor. It was in the year 1888 when, as a dramatist, he first gained international favor by his play, “Ehre.” In the latter production he showed why the current ideas about honor and conventional distinctions were radically wrong. But it was in his play “Heimath,” produced in January, 1893, that he reached the height of his phenomenal success. The character of the heroine, “Magda,” by whose name the play is known in English, has been portrayed by three renowned actresses—Modjeska, Duse and Bernhardt. Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the great English actress, will appear in the title role in Boston this week. Lack of space prevents us from entering into a minute description of the drama. The problem is the same as in “Ehre”: two irreconcilable worlds are brought face to face. It is the question of the relative duty of parent and child. The father, an honorable man, but excruciatingly narrow-minded; the daughter, Magda, broad-minded, and despising the dull, petty conventionalities of life at her home. Both father and daughter go too far in their views and their practical applications; the father ejects the young, hot-blooded maiden from his home. Magda becomes a famous prima donna, and lives an artistic and at times a Bohemian life. The great singer is heard in her native town; a reconciliation is apparently brought about between father and daughter, but the inherent contrasts and mental and moral conflicts are too great to allow a happy solution of the problem. The father becoming fully aware of his daughter's depravity, as he calls it, attempts to grasp his pistol and kill Magda. He dies by an apoplectic stroke at the very moment of this terrible excitement, and thus luckily escapes the fate of becoming the murderer of his child. This is but a bare skeleton of the famous drama; Sudermann is the great realistic poet who at the same time has the sympathetic insight of the idealist.

Hare and Hounds Run.

The Hare and Hounds Run from Wellesley Farms last Saturday varied somewhat from the usual program. The hares were caught, owing to a cut made by the hounds; this being the first time that the hares have been caught for five years.

The hares, Hunter, '02, and Horton, '04, laid a trail starting on Glen road back to the railroad and thence northeast, crossing the Charles to Newton Lower Falls. On the hills back of Lower Falls the hounds sighted the hares, and made a cut-off, catching the hares on the bank above Washington street.

From this point the hares were given a fresh start, and crossed Washington street, laid a series of blinds in the woods, and then took a loop into Waban and along the circuit tracks. The hares then crossed Beacon street into the woods, and on crossing their old trail encountered the hounds, who had been baffled by the blinds. The hares had just parted to lay a blind trail, and Hunter was sighted and captured, while Horton escaped and laid a trail back to the start. The hounds, after following the old trail a short distance toward Waban, returned to the start via Beacon and Washington streets.

Hardenbergh, '03, led the bunch in, with Worcester, '04, second. The run showed that more experience is needed in laying the blind trail, which has been adopted.

This will be the last regular run for the season, as next Saturday the men will go over the new championship course in West Roxbury. All men wishing to go should be on hand to take the 2.22 train for Highland Station next Saturday afternoon.

M. I. T. Y. M. C. A.

Mr. Brewer Eddie, Yale, '98, and a secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, gave a talk before the Tech Y. M. C. A. that will not soon be forgotten. He laid especial stress upon the fact that it is the duty of every college man to be “big” enough to keep up a line of work besides that of the regular curriculum.

Mechanical Engineering.

Mr. G. D. Atwood, '00, Course II., calls our attention to a communication in *The Engineer*. The following is a clipping from the article mentioned:

Can any one tell me how the authors of ninety-nine out of every one hundred of the books on engineering subjects justify themselves? . . . Pick up any of these popular handbooks and catechisms, and the excuse the author gives in the preface generally reads like this: "I have often been asked by young men about to make a study of engineering, to recommend some good books for them to study. After looking over all the available literature on the subject, I have had to tell them that there weren't any good books on the subject. With a view to helping all those who think of entering the profession this book has been compiled." . . . Some authors claim to be practical men, and probably they are; but by the looks of his book we suspect that he credited every prospective reader with knowing as much as himself; so to include something the reader don't know, he wrote of what he (the author) knew nothing about. If he starts to write of what he knows, he finds that he knows so little that it don't take many pages to get it all down, so he copies some tables and other stuff from some other book: and for fear he might miss something, he puts in mistakes and all.

Waltham High v. M. I. T. 1905.

The Freshman Baseball Team was defeated in its first game by a very close score. The game was played at Waltham with the Waltham High School, Saturday, April 5. The features of the game were Dean's fielding and batting, and the cool, scientific work of Woods. The Freshmen showed that they have the material of a first-rate team, but as yet the lack of team work will prevent a good showing.

Two base hits, Staples; 3 base hits, Knowles. Base on called balls: off Blod-

gett, 5; off Gowinlock, 2; off Wilson, 2. Base on hit by pitched ball off Blodgett, 2. Struck out: Blodgett, 2; Gowinlock, 1; Wilson, 6. Double plays: Woods to Knowles, Blodgett to Woods to Knowles, Wells to Dean. Time of game, two hours. Umpires: Waltham, McDonald; M. I. T., Turner, '05.

	r.	h.	p.	a.	e.		r.	h.	p.	a.	e.
Dean, s. s.	3	3	4	2	1	Saunders, s. s.	0	0	0	0	1
Woods, c.	1	2	6	2	0	Ray Taylor, s. s.	1	0	1	0	1
Knowles, i.	2	3	8	0	0	McKenna, l. f.	2	0	1	0	2
Fick, r. f.	0	0	0	0	1	Ray Taylor, 3	1	0	3	0	1
Wells, m. f.	0	0	1	1	0	Staples, i.	2	1	5	0	0
Hill, l. f.	0	0	0	0	1	Griffin, 2	0	0	0	1	0
Prince (C.)	3	1	2	0	2	C. Eaton, m. f.	2	2	2	0	0
Steinberger, 2	2	2	0	2	0	Rogers, c.	2	0	6	0	1
Blodgett, p.	1	1	0	4	1	W. Eaton, r. f.	1	1	1	0	1
Gowinlock, p.	0	0	0	0	0	Wilson, p.	0	1	2	3	0
	10	13	19	13	5		11	5	21	4	7

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Waltham	0	1	6	1	0	1	2-11
1905	2	2	5	0	1	0	0-10

* One out when the winning run was made.

Freshman Theme.

He is a cobbler living above his small, dingy shop which is located at the head of a village street. He is all alone, for he has not been in town very long. He came somewhat like Silas Marner, unknown, unnoticed. Upon entering the shop by the small glass door you find at the left, facing the street, the cobbler, a man well on in the sixties, large of body, large head and forehead, sunken eyes, smooth and pleasant-looking face, crouched over his work, sitting on a small three-legged stool. As soon as he sees you he rises and asks in a low, but not harsh, voice what he may do for you. On a shelf in back of the cobbler an old oak clock stands, with whose even, loud click the hammer of the cobbler keeps time for ten long hours. The only other article in his shop, besides his tools and leather, is the picture of a child sitting on the knees of an old man, seemingly listening to his stories. This picture, judging from the cobbler's occasional glances at it, no doubt inspires him in his work.

TECHNIQUE will appear at High Noon on the 24th of this month. Buy your ticket at once.



All communications with this department should be addressed to the Alumni Editor.

'01. Charles L. B. Anderson, I., with Sewer Construction Department, City of Newburyport.

'01. William C. Arsem, V., research chemist, General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

'01. L. Herbert Bigelow, I., assistant engineer with the Merrimac Paving Company, Lowell, Mass.

'01. George W. Carter, VI., with the Stanley Electric Manufacturing Company, Pittsfield, Mass.

'01. Harry B. Chalmers, X., treasurer and secretary the Colloid Chemical Company, Dedham, Mass.

'01. Norman A. Dubois, V., instructor in chemistry, Brown University.

'01. Salvador S. Madero, III., president Compania Exploradora de Minas; sub-treasurer Compania Industrial de Parras; secretary Compania Minera de Consuelo y Anenas; of firm of Ernesto Madero y Huos, Parras, Mexico.

'01. Carl Rossmassler, XIII., draughtsman with the New York Shipbuilding Company, Camden, N. J.

'01. Albert F. Sulzer, X., assistant chemist with the Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

'01. William Whipple, II., with Central Factory, the Cinclare Sugar Company, Cinclare, La.

'01. William W. Walcott, IX., student Harvard Medical School.

Cross-country Association.

The organization of the Cross-country Association was completed at the meeting held last Monday by the election of the following officers for the coming year: President, F. H. Hunter, '02; secretary, O. R. Haynes, '04; captain, S. T. Worcester, '04; vice-captain, G. P. Palmer, '04; manager, H. B. Pulsifer, '03.

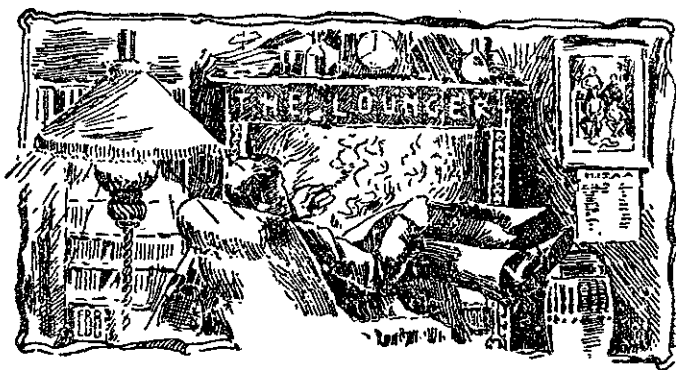
Of these men, Worcester and Hunter have served in the same positions in the Hare and Hounds Club. Pulsifer has been vice-captain of the old club, and his experience has well fitted him for his new duties. Haynes has been an active member of the club for two years, and Palmer has been prominent on the runs held in the past year.

It was voted to defer the choice of an assistant manager until next fall. Any man who has belonged to the Hare and Hounds Club can join the Association without initiation fee by paying dues for the present term to the manager before May 20.

At the directors' meeting held afterwards, it was decided to hold the championship run on May 3 from West Roxbury. The men will go over the trail next Saturday afternoon. There will be no entrance fee to the race, but only members of the Association may enter. Time handicaps will be given, and prizes will be awarded to the first three men to finish, and to the man making the best time over the course.

Tennis Association.

A meeting of the Tennis Association was held last Friday in Room 11, for the election of officers. The result was: President, J. R. Jones, '03; vice-president, A. H. Langley, '03; secretary and treasurer, C. L. Anson, '05; executive committee, L. H. Underwood, '03, F. D. Webster, '05, C. R. Boggs, '05; representative to New England International Tennis Association, J. R. Jones, '03. The dues for the year have been fixed at fifty cents, to enable more to join. All students who wish to join are urged to leave their names, with dues, for the secretary, at the "Cage."



Truth is stranger than fiction, and fiction is often strange enough to hold you for a while. Of course all the students know how the marks are made out for the final reports. If a student does very well, he passes; and if he does very poorly, he flunks, without any more ado about it. But what do you suppose is done with a student who is so close to the critical point that it is impossible to tell whether he should pass or fail? THE LOUNGER had his own idea about the matter, and this idea was confirmed the other day. He saw the Secretary carefully place a cent-piece on the sidewalk in front of the Walker Building, and then laboriously mount the steps with a huge bushel basket full to the brim with beans. "Hello," said THE LOUNGER, "something doing?"

"Yes," answered the Secretary, "I'm going to see whether Blupher passes off his Analyt. or not."

"How will you do that?" asked THE LOUNGER curiously, after they had stepped on to the roof with the ponderous burden of beans.

"In this basket of white beans I have a single black bean," said the Secretary, gasping from his exertions. "On the sidewalk you saw me put a copper. Well, I throw down this basket of beans, aiming at the cent. If the black bean falls on the cent, Blupher passes; otherwise he fails."

"Good!" said THE LOUNGER. "Down with the beans, and we'll decide the fate of old Blupher in a jiffy."

Then, after assuring himself that the solitary black bean was safely included among the thousands and thousands of white beans, with a mighty effort the Secretary strained every muscle, and hurled the entire bushel of beans to the sidewalk. Breathlessly THE LOUNGER ran down the steps four flights to inspect the cent. The black bean was exactly in the center of the cent! Blupher had won, and the Secretary lost!



THE LOUNGER said it would turn out this way when they admitted co-eds into the Institute, and now it has come to pass. He found one of them in a second-year drawing-room, working with a gray cat on her shoulder, purring like an electric motor,— that is the

cat, not the co-ed or her shoulder. THE LOUNGER had been expecting for a long while that the co-eds might attempt some day to bring their patchwork and knitting to school, and he had prepared a seven-thousand-word Phillipic to hurl at them when it should occur. But here is a maiden clad in seven-league boots, who at one stride steps beyond the sewing era to the cat era. THE LOUNGER overcome, stupefied, can scarce collect himself to say "Boo!" But he leaps courageously into the breach.

"Shoo! Shoo! go away home, you horrid kitty!"

Men of Tech! shall the spirit of Tech's motto, that dear old chestnut that flutters forth from every catalogue— Tech is a place for men to work, not for boys to play— shall this be thus broken and trampled upon? When your eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, shall they see him shining on a school where cats and rocking-chairs abound? Launching himself into the future THE LOUNGER sees drawing-rooms filled with cats discor-dant, belligerent and drenched, it may be, with feline blood. *Facilis est descensus Averni*, which is being translated:

Ill fares the school, to hastening ills a prey,
Where co-eds accumulate and men decay.

"Yes and No, or Give and Take?" Mabel asked.

"Both!" I said, and we ate the philopena.

"Now for the stakes," I continued; "how about a kiss against a dozen pairs of gloves?"

"That's too cheap," said Mabel, firmly.

"The gloves aren't!" I remonstrated, thinking of the state of my allowance. Twelve pairs of gloves at three dollars a pair—! I couldn't lose this bet!

"Well, let it go at that!" Mabel laughed; "what difference does it make?"

"A great deal, to me," said I.

"How?" she asked; "you'd lose, in any case!"

"I wouldn't! I can't afford to!"

"Well, *I couldn't* pay, you know!"

"What! You wouldn't pay, if you lost?" I cried.

"No!" said Mabel.

"Philopena!" I shouted.

—*Harvard Advocate.*

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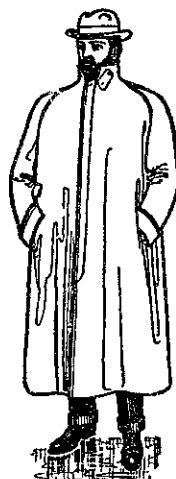
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Next attraction, Annie Russell in her greatest success, "The Girl and the Judge."

Colonial Theatre. Farewell performances of "Ben Hur." Last three weeks of the most remarkable spectacle ever produced.

Tremont Theatre. Mrs. Fiske presenting Saturday matinee, "Miranda" and Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings, "A Doll's House," by Henrik Ibsen.

Boston Theatre. Mrs. Patrick Campbell, supported by Herbert Waring and the entire Royalty Theatre Company, will present on Thursday and Friday evenings, "The Notorious Mrs. Ebb Smith"; Saturday matinee, "Pelleas and Melisande."

Bijou Theatre. Gala week of opera. Thursday and Saturday evening "Martha," Friday evening and Saturday matinee "Faust."

Boston Museum. Last week of Ethel Barrymore in "Captain Jinks." The next attraction at this house will be the great New York and Boston laughing success, "Are You a Mason?"

Columbia Theatre. The magnificent production of "The Girl from Paris" had its first presentation last evening, and judging from the large audience it is safe to say that it will have a most successful run while in Boston.

Castle Square Theatre. "The War of Wealth" will be given the rest of the week. Next week "Hamlet" will be given by the regular company.

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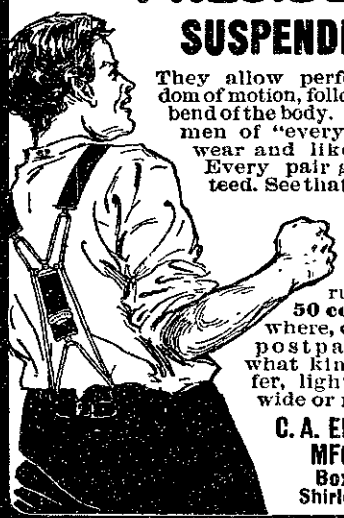
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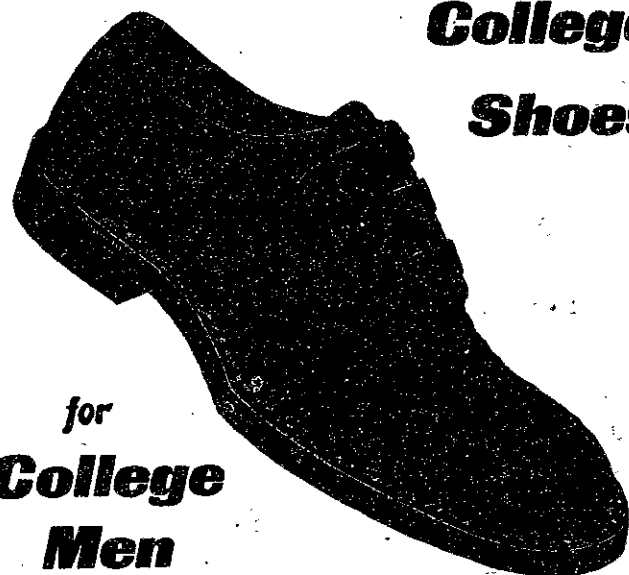
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